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Chapter 1 by 20hupj

The shoes where worn out, the fabric peeling at the edges. The polish was without shine and the paint had vanished. The soles where hair thin, on the verge of giving into a hole. The inside of the shoe was molded and worn into the shape of a previous foot. The ribbon was fraying and uneven, loose strands falling to the floor.

The pointe shoe was all she had left of her mother.

Write a draft for chapter 2 of 8

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